

Carlsbad Current.

Wm. H. MULLANE, Publisher.

CARLSBAD, - - - - - N. M.

Whisky straight makes crooked paths.

Powder magazines ought to be classified as flash literature.

The top round of the ladder of fame is as difficult to reach as the north pole.

The player who sweeps the board in a game of chance always gets the dust.

To Senator Mason belongs the credit of the discovery that to the pure all things are adulterated.

The indications are that nearly all the lightweight boxers are now engaged in crating strawberries.

It's surprising how gladly some people will exchange a small load of trouble for a large load of cheap liquor.

Some men are so self-important that they imagine their weight on one side of the globe causes the other side to tip up.

As Gov. Roosevelt is now a doctor of laws, Mr. Platt may find it harder than ever to law down laws for the rough rider.

The man who is thoroughly imbued with the idea that a public office is a public trust doesn't believe in investigating committees.

The man who fell out of a window in the patent office at Washington had probably just heard the rumor that Mark Hanna would resign.

We like to see people eat heartily at supper when they go to a dance, but would draw the line at carrying away sandwiches in their pockets.

Certainly the world will hear from the college graduates again. For years they will get together and let forth the college yell on every provocation.

An Ohio man who had held office for twenty years has just been placed in an asylum in consequence of his defeat. He was bound to make the public support him.

The singular lack of patriotism displayed by the vast majority of Chinese is not confined to the common people, but vitiate all official circles. A Chinese naval officer recently returning to China after three years' study in Germany at the expense of the Chinese government, was asked whether he would serve his country in case war arose, or join some other nation. His prompt reply was, "Wait and see which comes out best."

Kent county, Maryland, has the distinction of having what State Entomologist Johnson declares to be the monster peach tree of the United States. The big tree is at Napier, the fine estate of Alan Harris, in the tenancy of Robert Wickes. The trunk is 87 inches in circumference, 22 inches in diameter or about the size of the ordinary kerosene barrel. Three of the limbs are 22 inches, 29 inches and 30 inches in circumference, respectively.

There is no surer safeguard against all degrees of mental unsoundness than a habit of self-control. As men of quick blood may fall dead in moments of high excitement, so may lesser disturbances, oft repeated, unsettle the rational faculties. Machinery that is loosely set tends to jar itself to pieces, and the agitations of uncontrolled emotion may gradually produce an "unstable equilibrium" of the nervous system, and predispose the brightest man or woman to be entirely upset by a sudden crisis of passion, alarm, loss, or ecstasy. For joy, like grief, anger, fear or appetite, requires the gentle restraint of reason. The asylums are full of admonitory cases. Wanted, for each individual, a good internal government, well administered.

An American response to expressions of English sympathy during the late war, signed by representative men from every state in the union, was recently sent to London, and warmly welcomed by our kinsmen, who had begun to think us indifferent to their advances. The neglect to exhibit prompt and cordial recognition for favors received, or good-will and friendliness manifested, is not only demeaning to a nation or an individual, but it stands in the way of future advantages. "I liked the young man's appearance," an influential woman recently remarked, "but as he has failed to call or write in acknowledgment of the courtesies shown him, I shall hardly take the trouble to favor him socially again." Thanks are the exchequer of the poor, says Shakespeare. Yes, and of the wise as well.

One of the most interesting incidents of the opening of the twentieth century will be the changing of the Russian calendar so as to make it conform to that used by the rest of the civilized world. Steps to that end are already being taken by order of the Russian government.

Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Calculators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.

PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Where was Mynheer von Stroom during all this work of destruction? In his bed-place, covered up with the clothes, trembling in every limb, and vowing if ever again he put his foot on shore not all the companies in the world should induce him to trust to salt water again. It certainly was the best plan for the poor man.

The vessel, after running to the southward till past Table Bay, had, by the alteration made in her course, entered into False Bay, where, to a certain degree, she was sheltered from the violence of the winds and waves. But although the water was smoother, the waves were still more than sufficient to beat to pieces any vessel that might be driven on shore at the bottom of the bay, to which point the Ter Schilling was now running. The bay so far offered a fair chance of escape, as, instead of the rocky coast outside, against which had the vessel run, a few seconds would have insured her destruction, there was a shelving beach of loose sand. But of this Philip could, of course, have no knowledge, for the land at the entrance of the bay had been passed unperceived in the darkness of the night. About twenty minutes more had elapsed when Philip observed that the whole sea around them was one continued foam. He had hardly time for conjecture before the ship struck heavily on the sands, and the remaining masts fell by the board.

The crash of the falling masts, the heavy heaving of the ship on the sands, which caused many of her timbers to part, with a whole sea which swept clean over the fated vessel, checked the songs and drunken revelry of the crew. Another minute, and the vessel was swung round on her broadside to the sea, and lay on her beam ends. Philip, who was to windward, clung to the bulwark, while the intoxicated seamen floundered in the water to leeward and attempted to gain the other side of the ship. Much to Philip's horror, he perceived the body of Mynheer Kloots sink down in the water (which now was several feet deep on the lee side of the deck), without any apparent effort on the part of the captain to save himself. He was then gone, and there was no hope for him. Philip thought of Hillebrand, and hastened down below; he found him still in his bed-place, lying against the side. He lifted him out, and with difficulty climbed with him on deck, and laid him in the long boat on the booms, as the best chance of saving his life. To this boat, the only one which could be made available, the crew had also repaired; but they repulsed Philip, who would have got into her; and, as the sea made clean breakers over them, they cast loose the lashings which confined her. With the assistance of another heavy sea, which lifted her from the chocks, she was borne clear of the booms and dashed over the gunwale into the water to leeward, which was comparatively smooth—not, however, without being filled nearly up to the thwarts. But this was little cared for by the intoxicated seamen, who, as soon as they were afloat, again raised their shouts and songs of revelry as they were borne away by the wind and sea toward the beach. Philip, who held on by the stump of the mainmast, watched them with an anxious eye, now perceiving them borne aloft on the foaming surf, now disappearing in the trough. More and more distant were the sounds of their mad voices, till at last he could hear them no more—he beheld the boat balanced on an enormous rolling sea, and then he saw it not again.

CHAPTER X.

Philip knew that now his only chance was to remain with the vessel, and attempt to save himself upon some fragment of the wreck. That the ship would long hold together he felt was impossible; already she had parted her upper decks, and each shock of the waves divided her more and more. At last, as he clung to the mast, he heard a noise above, and he then recollected that Mynheer von Stroom was still in his cabin. Philip crawled aft, and found that the poor ladder had been thrown against the cabin door, so as to prevent its being opened. He removed it, and entered the cabin, where he found Mynheer von Stroom clinging to windward with the grasp of death—but it was not death, but the paralysis of fear. He spoke to him, but could obtain no reply; he attempted to move him, but it was impossible to make him let go the part of the bulkhead that he grasped. A loud noise and the rush of a mass of water told Philip that the vessel had parted amidships, and he unwillingly abandoned the poor supercargo to his fate and went out of the cabin door. At the after hatchway he observed something struggling—it was Johannes the bear, who was swimming, but still fastened by a cord which prevented his escape. Philip took out his knife and released the poor animal, and hardly had he done this act of kindness when a heavy sea turned over the after part of the vessel, which separated in many places, and Philip found himself struggling in the waves. He seized upon a part of the deck which supported him, and was borne away by

the surf toward the beach. In a few minutes he was near to the land, and shortly afterward the piece of plank on which he was clinging struck on the sand, and then, being turned over by the force of the running wave, Philip lost his hold, and was left to his own exertions. He struggled long, but although so near to the shore, could not gain a footing; the returning wave dragged him back, and thus was he hurled to and fro until his strength was gone. He was sinking under the wave to rise no more when he felt something touch his hand. He seized it with the grasp of death. It was the shaggy hide of the bear Johannes, who was making for the shore, and who soon dragged him clear of the surf, so that he could gain a footing. Philip crawled up the beach above the reach of the waves, and, exhausted with fatigue, sank down in a swoon.

When Philip was recalled from his state of lethargy, his first feeling was intense pain in his still closed eyes, arising from having been many hours exposed to the rays of an ardent sun. He opened them, but was obliged to close them immediately, for the light entered into them like the point of a knife. He turned over on his side, and, covering them with his hand, remained some time in that position, until, by degrees, he found that his eyesight was restored. He then rose, and after a few seconds could distinguish the scene around him. The sea was still rough, and tossed about in the surf fragments of the vessel; the whole sand was strewn with her cargo and content. Near him was the body of Hillebrand, and the other bodies which were scattered on the beach told him that those who had taken to the boat had all perished.

It was, by the height of the sun, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as near as he could estimate; but Philip suffered such an oppression of mind, he felt so wearied and in such pain, that he took but a slight survey. His brain was whirling, and all he demanded was repose. He walked away from the scene of destruction, and, having found a sandhill, behind which he was defended from the burning rays of the sun, he again lay down, and sank into a deep sleep, from which he did not wake until the ensuing morning.

Philip was roused a second time by the sensation of something pricking him on the chest. He started up, and beheld a figure standing over him. His eyes were still feeble and his vision indistinct; he rubbed them for a time, for he first thought it was the bear Johannes, and, again, that it was the supercargo, Von Stroom, who had appeared before him. He looked again, and found that he was mistaken, although he had warrant for supposing it to be either or both. A Hottentot, with an assegai in his hand, stood by his side; over his shoulder he had thrown the fresh-severed skin of the poor bear, and on his head, with the curls descending to his waist, was one of the wings of the supercargo, Von Stroom. Such was the gravity of the black's appearance in this strange costume (for in every other respect he was naked) that at any other time Philip would have been induced to laugh heartily; but his feelings were now too acute. He rose upon his feet and stood by the side of the Hottentot, who still continued immovable, but certainly without the slightest appearance of hostile intentions.

A sensation of overpowering thirst now seized upon Philip, and he made signs that he wished to drink. The Hottentot motioned him to follow, and led over the sandhills to the beach, where Philip discovered upward of fifty men, who were busy selecting various articles from the scattered stores of the vessel. It was evident by the respect paid to Philip's conductor that he was the chief of the kraal. A few words, uttered with the greatest solemnity, were sufficient to produce—though not exactly what Philip required—a small quantity of dirty water from a calabash, which, however, was to him delicious. His conductor then waved to him to take a seat on the sand.

After a time the Hottentots began to collect all the wood which appeared to have iron in it, made it up into several piles, and set them on fire. The chief then made a sign to Philip, to ask him if he was hungry. Philip replied in the affirmative, when his new acquaintance put his hand into a bag made of goatskin and pulled out a handful of very large beetles, and presented them to him. Philip refused them with marks of disgust, upon which the chief very sedately cracked and ate them; and, having finished the whole handful, rose and made a sign to Philip to follow him. As Philip rose he perceived floating in the surf his own chest. He hastened to it and made signs that it was his, took the key out of his pocket and opened it, and then made up a bundle of articles most useful, not forgetting a bag of guilders. His conductor made no objection, but, calling to one of the men near, pointed out the lock and hinges to him, and then set off, followed by Philip,

across the sandhills. In about an hour they arrived at the kraal, consisting of low huts covered with skins, and were met by the women and children, who appeared to be in high admiration at their chief's new attire. They showed every kindness to Philip, bringing him milk, which he drank eagerly. Philip surveyed these daughters of Eve, and, as he turned from their offensive, greasy attire, their strange forms and hideous features, he sighed and thought of his charming Amine.

The sun was now setting, and Philip still felt fatigued. He made signs that he wished to repose. They led him into a hut, and, though surrounded as he was with filth, and his nose assailed by every variety of bad smell, attacked moreover by insects, he laid his head on his bundle, and, uttering a short prayer of thanksgiving, was soon in a sound sleep.

The next morning he was awakened by the chief of the kraal, accompanied by another man who spoke a little Dutch. He stated his wish to be taken to the settlement where the ships came and anchored, and was fully understood. But the man said that there were no ships in the bay at the time. Philip, nevertheless, requested he might be taken there, as he felt that his best chance of getting on board of any vessel would be by remaining at the settlement, and, at all events, he would be in the company of Europeans until a vessel arrived. The distance, he discovered, was but one day's march, or less. After some little conversation with the chief, the man who spoke Dutch desired Philip to follow him, and that he would take him there. Philip drank plentifully from a bowl of milk brought him by one of the women, and, again refusing a handful of beetles offered by the chief, he took up his bundle and followed his new acquaintance.

Toward evening they arrived at the hills, from which Philip had a view of Table Bay and the few houses erected by the Dutch. To his delight, he perceived that there was a vessel under sail in the offing. On his arrival at the beach, to which he hastened, he found that she had sent a boat on shore for fresh provisions. He accosted the people, told them who he was, told them also of the fatal wreck of the Ter Schilling, and of his wish to embark.

The officer in charge of the boat willingly consented to take him on board, and informed Philip that they were homeward bound. Philip's heart leaped at the intelligence. Had she been outward bound, he would have joined her; but now he had a prospect of again seeing his dear Amine before he reached his home. He felt that there was still some happiness in store for him; that his life was to be cheered with alternate privation and repose, and that his future prospect was not to be one continued chain of suffering and death.

He was kindly received by the captain of the vessel, who freely gave him a passage home; and in three months, without any events worth narrating, Philip Vanderdecken found himself once more at anchor before the town of Amsterdam.

Amine was both surprised and glad to welcome her husband home so much sooner than she expected. Philip remained at home for several months, during which his father-in-law, Mynheer Poets, died, leaving Amine a great fortune in gold and jewels, which he had accumulated.

Leaving his wife comfortably established, with two servants to wait on her, Philip again departed on his mission, this time as second mate on the Batavia, a fine vessel of 400 tons burden.

(To be continued.)

THE SULTAN'S MANNERS.

His Quiet Dignity, Pleasant Smile and Unusually Sympathetic Voice.

As to the sultan's working habits, I have known him to be at work at five in the morning and keep a whole staff of secretaries going at that hour who had slept overnight on couches in the rooms in the palace they habitually work in, says Harper's Magazine. Munir Pasha, the imperial grand master of ceremonies, and one of the most kindly, distinguished men it is possible to meet, once said to me: "There is one characteristic of his majesty which conveys a constant lesson to us all; it is his extraordinary self-control—his impassive calm. It is almost sublime. No contrariety, no trial, seems able to ruffle his perfect self-possession. It is truly marvelous." The prepossessing impression which the sultan is universally admitted to produce on those who are privileged to come into contact with him is doubtless in part due to that charm of manner, that quiet dignity, so free from angular self-assertion, which is more or less characteristic of all well-bred Turks. But in his case it is supplemented by a pleasing smile and an unusually sympathetic voice, the notes of which always seem to convey a pleasant impression, even to the stranger who is unable to understand what his majesty has said until it is translated by the interpreter. The sultan usually gives audiences on Friday after the ceremony of the Ramadan, when he wears a Turkish general's uniform, with the star of the Intiaz order in brilliant hues on his neck. As he sits in front of you, with his hands resting on the hilt of his sword before him, and you watch him speak to Munir Pasha in his quiet, dignified way, you cannot resist the impression of his picturesque dignity.

Don't neglect to keep your shoes polished. You can always shine at one end if you can't at the other.

TEXANETTES.

Terrell is to have a natorium.

Miss Willbridge, aged 73 years, and Mrs. Frances Williams, aged 71, were married at Crismana.

The remains of Sidney Paine, who was drowned in the Brazos near Whitney, were interred at Waxahachie.

The governor has appointed W. T. Wroe of Austin a member of the board of managers of the Confederate home, vice W. H. Caldwell.

University club of San Antonio, capital stock \$10,000; purpose, to promote literature, painting and the fine arts, has filed its charter at Austin.

The state tax commission will hold its next meeting the first week in July and it is proposed to have daily sessions until the work before it is completed.

While on horseback chasing a cow, near Clarksville, a young man named Hawkins collided with a tree, his Hawkins collided with a tree, his stantly.

Maggie Becknell, a young colored woman, unmarried, and her brother, Lindsay Becknell, were arrested and lodged in jail at Clarksville on a warrant charging them with infanticide.

John Stevenson, James Petty and Frank Maxfield, three well-known Texas and Pacific railway firemen who resided in Marshall, have been promoted to be engineers with their runs out of Longview.

Gordon Clarke, the famous ex-quarterback of the University of Chicago foot ball eleven, has accepted an offer from the University of Texas to coach the eleven of that institution this fall.

The city council at Sherman, by a unanimous vote, decided to pay one-third of the cost of the paving of any street where the property owners will each pay the remaining two-thirds on their respective side.

One of the pioneer mothers of Texas, Mrs. Amanda Williams of Kosse, is visiting her son, Dock Williams, at Van Alstyne. She came to Texas in 1833, and she is living now on the Limestone county farm she and her husband cleared and improved over forty years ago.

Superintendent J. S. Kendall returned from Hillsboro, where he was called to investigate a reported "leakage" in the matter of examination questions. It is understood that he discovered the identity of the guilty party and the names of the persons to whom had been sold lists of questions.

Abilene will soon have an up-to-date electric light system. The Light and Power company has ordered new machinery to replace that now in use. The plant will new throughout, and will be of the most modern type and capable of running 1200 incandescent lamps and several arc lights.

Dion lodge 31, Knights of Pythias, of Texarkana, has surrendered its charter and disbanded. It was the first secret lodge established at that place, and took its origin with the birth of the city. The loss of interest and slow attendance at meetings are the causes assigned for the collapse.

J. H. Eason was seriously hurt near Grapevine by the explosion of a threshing machine. He had bought a new threshing machine and had threshed only three or four loads of wheat, when from some cause it exploded, tearing the threshing machine pretty well to pieces, one piece striking and hurling him some fifteen feet. The piece struck him over region of the heart.

A number of large real estate deals have been made recently at Farmerville. Jay Horn bought the Alice Astor store building for \$6000. A. H. Elston bought the Odd Fellows building for \$6000. The Odd Fellows and others are erecting a substantial two-story brick block on the northwest corner of the square, and dwellings are going up all over town.

Two residences just outside the city limits of Dallas burned at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 21st. One was occupied by C. E. Smith and owned by Sam Sligh; the latter had some furniture stored therein. The other house was owned and occupied by J. H. McDonough. Loss over \$6000; insurance about half.

Charlie Moorehead, a young man residing on East Lamar street, Sherman, jumped from a boxcar in the Missouri, Kansas and Texas yards, and a nail in a board upon which he dropped pierced his right foot. He was taken home, suffering intensely.

The board of public school trustees of Corsicana has decided to build a \$2500 addition to the third ward school building. They will advertise for bids at once to have the building ready for occupancy in September. Increase of pupils causes it.

C. J. Worrick has resigned his position as ticket agent of the Pittsburg and Gulf railroad at Texarkana, and will go to Kansas City for the same road, but in another capacity. A. L. Frick, freight agent at Mansfield, La., will succeed Mr. Worrick.

Straws show which way the wind blows and straw hats frequently go the direction it blows.

Confession of a Millionaire.

A millionaire confessed the secret of his success in two words—hard work. He put in the best part of his life gaining dollars and losing health, and now he was putting in the other half spending dollars to get it back. Nothing equals Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for restoring health. It cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

If you cannot do a certain thing, make an effort.

"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Prosperous South.

May was a month of remarkable business announcements in the south. A list of the bona fide schemes of construction in the cotton goods industry shows that over \$2,000,000 is to be spent at once on new plants and additions. The new capitalization record during the month exceeded \$3,000,000, but in one case several plants were consolidated. That is extremely rapid growth in an industrial way, and it exceeds in volume of capitalistic development anything seen in the same industry in the north in some years. At the rate of expenditure implied by the May outlay for plants the southern states should this year increase their textile properties by a display of over \$25,000,000 worth of buildings and machinery. According to the census of 1890 the aggregate value of the Rhode Island cotton mills was only \$28,000,000, and of the Fall River factories \$32,000,000.

FIVE Permanently Cured. Noitis or nervousness after first use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy. For full particulars, send for free booklet. Dr. R. H. Kline, 149 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The man who owns a two-horse rig has many friends.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures, cures with confidence. 25c a bottle.

Soda fountains are popular places these days.

That Dull, Awful Pain.

It's a sick headache. Cure it! Avoid all Catastrophe! Only Catarrh gives such relief and prevents headache if taken in time. All Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The first and the last sentence are the hardest to write.

Pico's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1905.

A husband should highly prize his wife's love.

Hint to Housekeepers. Skirts and dresses should always be starched in hot starch. "Faultless Starch" gives the best results as it does not injure the fabrics. All grocers sell it, 10c a package.

A man is not very old if he enjoys ice cream soda.

Supreme Court Sustains the Foot-Ease Trade Mark.

Justice Langhille, in Supreme Court, Boston, has ordered a permanent injunction, with costs, and a full accounting of sales, to be made against Paul B. Hudson, the manufacturer of the foot powder called "Dr. Clark's Foot Powder," and also against a retail dealer of Brooklyn, restraining them from making or selling the Dr. Clark's Foot Powder, which is declared, in the decision of the court, an imitation and infringement of "Foot-Ease," the powder to which into your shoes for tired, aching feet, now so largely advertised and sold all over the country. Allen S. Clummet, of New York, is the owner of the trade mark "Foot-Ease" and he is the first individual who ever advertised a foot powder extensively over the country. He will send a sample free to any one who writes him for it. The decision in this case upholds the trademark and renders all parties liable who fraudulently attempt to profit by the extensive "Foot-Ease" advertising in passing upon the market a spurious and inferior appearing preparation, labeled and put up in envelopes and boxes like Foot-Ease. Similar suits will be brought against others who are now infringing on the Foot-Ease trademark and common law rights.

Between two evils choose the one you know most about.

GREAT TAMMANY LEADER.

(The Catarrh of Summer.)

New York, Oct. 11, 1898. Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—Pe-ru-na is good for catarrh. I have tried it and know it. It relieved me immensely on my trip to



Congressman Amos J. Cummings. Cuba, and I always have a bottle in reserve. Since my return I have not suffered from catarrh, but if I do I shall use Pe-ru-na again. Meanwhile you might send me another bottle. Yours, Amos J. Cummings, M. C. Summer catarrh assumes various forms. It produces dyspepsia and bowel complaint. It causes biliousness and diseases of the liver. It damages the kidneys and bladder. Summer catarrh may derange the whole nervous system, when it is known to the medical profession as systemic catarrh. Pe-ru-na is a specific for all these forms of catarrh. Pe-ru-na never disappoints. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book on summer catarrh.

Pluck is generally synonymous with success.